Wm Bronscombe 22-0-03

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CAUGHT UP THE CAT IN HER ARMS

Dreaming and Doing.

'How nice it must be to give up everything for the poor!' thought little Lady Sybil, as she laid down the life of 'Sister Dora,' which she had just finished reading. 'I don't care a bit for grand houses and fine clothes.' Here Sybil gave a contemptuous glance at her pretty dress, with its soft, silk sash and delicate laces. 'And I don't care for good dinners, and I hate parties and dancing; but I am glad to think that I shall be rich when I grow up, because I mean to give up everything—everything to the poor, and live in a little tiny cottage, and just keep enough money to buy the very plainest clothes and food. But I will take care there is always plenty of milk for you, my darling Blackie,' she added, as she fondled a cat who lay comfortably cuddled on her lap, and who gave a sleepy purr in response to her little mistresses's caresses, 'and when I come back from visiting the cottages, you will be lying on the hearth waiting for me, and——'

Here Lady Sybil's reveries were interrupted by the entrance of her old nurse, who brought her a note.

'It's from the Hall, my lady, and the groom said he was to wait for an answer.'

Sybil tore open the note, and as she read her face flushed, and at last she exclaimed, in an excited voice, 'Oh, no, no! That's too much to ask! I really can't do that!'

'What is it, dearie?' said the old woman in a sympathizing tone. She had been with Sybil from her babyhood, and loved the little girl for her dead mother's sake as well as her own.

'It's from Aunt Helen,' said Sybil, in a vexed tone. 'She actually wants my Blackie. Ferdinand has another of his brain attacks, and he keeps asking for Blackie; no other pussy will please him, and Aunt Helen says they cannot pacify him, or she would not ask such a great favor from me; but she hopes I will be so very kind as to lend Blackie to her poor afflicted child. I'm very sorry for Ferdy; it must be dreadful to have such headaches, but I really can't give him Blackie—my dear old Blackie!' and Sybil caught up the cat in her arms and pressed her fondly to her cheek.

'Poor little fellow!' said Nurse, softly.

But Sybil did not hear her; she had begun her letter:

'Dear Aunt Helen,—I am so sorry Ferdy is ill again. I hope he will soon be better. He may have any of my toys or games or books; but I really cannot give up Blackie.'

Sybil had written so far, when she suddenly stopped. As she wrote the words 'give up,' it suddenly flashed across her that here was the opportunity she had been longing for. Why wait till she was grown up to give up to the poor when she could give up now, this very minute? Few children, however poor, were, she well knew, more to be pitied than her little cousin, whose whole life was one of sickness and suffering.

Sybil waited no longer; she tore up her letter, and, turning to Nurse, said as gaily as she could, 'Fetch me a hamper, Nursie, dear. If Ferdy wants Blackie, he shall have her.' And though Sybil had to wink very hard to prevent her tears from falling, she was not unhappy, for true unselfishness always brings a real peace to the heart which nothing can destroy.

'It's very easy to be a hypocrite,' thought the child, as she stood at the window and watched the groom ride quickly down the avenue, with Blackie in a hamper in front of him. 'I was dreaming of how I would like to deny myself of everything for the poor, and then, when I had the chance of doing a kind thing to poor Ferdy, I nearly missed it.'

She turned away as she spoke, for it was time for her lessons; but of all the lessons she learnt that day, perhaps the most valuable was the one she had just found out for herself, that true self-denial consists in giving up that which costs us most.—E. A. B., in 'Sunday.'

Poor Dan's Dream.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

(C. E. L., in the Michigan 'Advocate.')

It was a rather shabbily dressed, uninteresting looking individual of perhaps thirty-five years of age, who came shambling into the little country post-office in P—— one cold day in January. The postmistress, who was familiarly known as Miss Susie, glanced up at him with a kind smile of recognition and said: 'Good morning, Dan,' to which he replied, in a deep guttural tone: 'Mornin', Miss Martin. Purty cold day, ain't it?'

'Yes, Dan,' she replied, 'almost as cold as some people's hearts.'

Dan shackled lazily along to the stove, which was throwing out a very inviting blaze, saying by its crackling and snapping as plainly as words could say, 'Come and warm, come and warm,' which invitation was gladly accepted by him and two gaunt and hungry-looking dogs which followed behind him.

A searching revival of religion was in progress at the little village church, and a deep spirit of conviction was apparent for miles around the country. Dan stood for some moments, with his great hands spread out before the fire, when he shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other, and hesitatingly said to Miss Susie:

'Yer good church folks wouldn't be like to hev a meetin' fer such folks as us, would ye, now?'

Susie, with a look of glad surprise, said: 'Why, Dan, surely we would, and be happy for the chance; this very week, if you like. How would Thursday afternoon suit you?'

'That would do fair. Thank ye, Miss. Me and my woman ain't Christians, but we ain't hathens, nither.'

'We'll look for ye, then.'

That evening Miss Susie told the pastor, my husband, of the promise she had made to poor Dan. An invitation was given to those who had power with God in prayer to meet at the church at the appointed time, to go to the country home.

Thursday came, cold and stormy. There was fine sleighing, however, and quite a company of earnest men and women crowded into a box sleigh, and after a ride of four miles we came to a little one-story house, which had evidently never been honored by a coat of paint. A careworn, tired-looking woman met us at the door, and with a wan little smile greeted us, and led us into a large room, which seemed to serve as sitting-room, bed-room and kitchen combined, and showed signs of extreme economy.

The poor woman limped about the room (for she was a partial cripple), and made the company as comfortable as her limited means would allow. The boards from the sleigh were brought and placed across the few chairs in the room. When all were seated as far as possible, the pastor commenced the service by reading the old-old story of the good Shepherd, of the trouble he took to seek the wandering and wayward sheep, which when found he carried in safety to a place of shelter.

As the narration proceeded a spirit of deep earnestness pervaded the room. Here indeed were some souls for whom Christ had given his life. As the good old hymns were sung and the fervent prayers ascended from strong men and sympathetic women, we heard subdued sobs and sighs. Then poor Dan arose, trembling to his feet, and in a broken voice told how his little boy, who had died some months back, came to him in his sleep the night before and talked to him.

'I seen him as plain as I ever did in my life. He said to me, "Pa," says he, "you'd ort to be a Christian. Jesus died for ye and ma, he did. He went down there to teach ye how to live. He left the Bible for ye to read and find yer way to heaven, but ye never go to church, never pray, and O, pa, ye promised to meet me in heaven. O, pa, do give yer heart to Jesus!" and the dear little feller pleaded so, and wouldn't let me go till I promised to give myself up to Jesus. And, friends, me and my woman do want to keep our promise. Pray for us; we are too bad to pray for ourselves. We've broken our promise to our little lad.'

Many of us wept and prayed with the poor afflicted couple, as they wrestled with God for peace. Needless to say, they soon found that for which they sought, and we all rejoiced with them as we left them that dark, stormy afternoon.

As long as we remained on that charge, every Sunday morning, rain or shine, Dan and his lame wife could be seen trudging along the country road to church. Dan in his clean though coarse suit of clothes, his eyes lit up with a new, earnest light, looked every inch a man, while his wife had lost the hopeless, unhappy expression which we first saw in her face. Truly they were an inspiration to both pastor and people, for they drank in every word of the sermon as if it were indeed the 'water of life' to them.

O church of Christ, how often might such scenes be repeated if we were looking for the Spirit's manifestation. It is Christ's delight to transform the hearts and homes of men. Let us feel the responsibility resting upon us, and be living witnesses of his power to save.

Luck and Labor.

Luck sleeps and dreams of fame and treasure;
While Labor gains both health and pleasure!
Luck in sloth is ever winning;
Labor toils without repining.
Luck relies on fortune's favor;
Honest Labor prospers ever.
Luck slides down with all its chances;
Labor upwards still advances.
Luck seeks an empty hand to fill
By wishes, but 'tis empty still;
While well-directed Labor gains
A rich reward for care and pains.

—'Waif.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Christ in the School

A LEAP FROM MEMORY.

(Mrs. J. M. Johnston, Chicago, Ill., in 'National Sabbath Alliance Leaflet.')

A TRUE STORY.

Among my early recollections is a canvas-covered waggon in which my father and his family journeyed from 'York State' into the wilds of Michigan. Log houses, acres of girdled trees, yellow stacks of unhoused grain, stables roofed with weathen-beaten straw, were in evidence as the beginnings of citizenship and future thrift in our new Western home. One of the first public enterprises of our community was a school-house. Most of the cabin homes were vocal with child life—whistling, barefooted boys, and blithe, bashful, girls, who bore their share of toil on the farm and in the home. These fathers and mothers from Eastern States knew the value of the school-house, and meant to give their children a chance in life.

In due course of time a school-house, the only frame building for miles, marked the Four Corners. To our childish eyes it was fine, with its three bright windows on either side, its 'entry-way' built out in front, with shelves for dinner baskets and water pail. The white paint, the new board fence about it, all set against the massive forest trees in its rear, made a pretty picture. Its very presence preached a little sermon. The few Christian families began to say, 'Now we can have a Sunday service when a preacher comes our way.'

But religious families were in the minority. Only a few observed the Sabbath, and fewer longed for the sanctuary. A strong infidel sentiment was in the air, scattering noxious seeds broadcast. The house was completed in mid-summer, but stood closed until winter, when a teacher was hired and school opened. He was a man in middle lift, had mastered the three R's, read Voltaire and Paine's writings, and knew something of the tricks of 'spiritualism,' just then gaining notoriety. The latter was an assurance that he was an up-to-date man. Besides, he had muscular brawn sufficient to manage the big boys of the district. The winter passed with little of interest. It came to be understood that the school-house was closed to all religious services except funerals, should death dare trespass on such preoccupied territory.

Spring came. The busy 'men folks' thought of little except aggressive farm work and breaking up new ground, planting broader acres, and perhaps the building of a barn here and there. A ripple of interest was created in our home by the coming of a neighbor to spend the afternoon with my mother. She announced that a Miss Rex, from the East, had come to visit a sister who lived over on the town line; that she had applied for the school, and the director had offered her two dollars and a half a week, with 'board around.' If she passed examination she was to open school the first Monday in May.

Examinations passed successfully, and one bright morning, arrayed in our clean, best aprons, with dinner baskets and books in hand, we gathered at the school-house. The new teacher was there—a tall, fair girl, with large, gentle eyes, and winning manners. She was simply dressed in a light print, with a ribbon at her throat. Her face, but for its luminous eyes and serenity, was not beautiful, but as she stood in timid, yet self-controlled attitude before us, my heart opened in a great love to her.

One by one the little bare feet pattering over the cool floor, slipped into place, and silence fell over all. Then the teacher said, as I recall it: 'Good morning, little folks. I am glad to see you, and hope soon to know all your names. As we come to be good friends, there are many things we can learn from each other. When we just do our best I shall learn from you and you also from me. So we shall all be scholars and all teachers. Don't you think that will be pleasant?'

All the hands went up in an instant. She had won her first victory. Continuing, she said: 'I have a dear Friend. He has taken care of me ever since I can remember—yes, always. Since he is so good to me and helps me when I need, do you wonder that I like to ask him for help? Wouldn't you?'

Every hand went up again. Picking up a little Testament from her desk, she said: 'This is a letter from him; I will read you a few things he says.' In a low, sweet voice she read selected verses from John's First Epistle. Closing the book, she appealed to us again: 'Shall we thank this dear Friend, yours and mine, for what he tells us about love, and for the good things he gives us every day? Shall we ask him to help us to be good and faithful to him and to each other?'

Again the little vote was unanimous. Quietly dropping on her knees, she breathed a simple, trustful prayer. A great power for good seemed to have fallen upon us. The brief petitions finished, she went methodically about the duties of the day. She had made an impression upon my heart that never faded.

Of course, I told my mother about the new teacher, the letter and the prayer. When mother said to father with a little smile: 'The first religious service was held in our school-house this morning,' 'What!' said father. 'Bravo for Miss Rex. She must be ignorant of her surroundings or a heroine.'

'She is a brave Christian, I trust, and may be a great blessing to this neighborhood,' was the quiet response.

From conversation that followed, I inferred that it was not unlikely she might be dismissed from her situation or requested to discontinue morning devotions. To my great joy, neither occurred. She seemed not to be conscious of evil about her, but walked before us as though God's hand led her. There was a timid sympathy in many of the homes. The indifferent jested coarsely, while occasionally was heard a muttered threat to the effect that if a man were to introduce such arrant nonsense it would not be tolerated, but as she was only a girl, her influence was of no account anyway—better not notice it.

The mothers soon began to plan for their older daughters to attend school. Realizing the refining influence of the teacher, they made personal sacrifices, and soon a class of older girls was entered for certain days each week. The last to enter was Lucy Denver, the director's daughter, a girl of fifteen. She was a dark-eyed brunette, as tropical in disposition as in features, quick, impulsive, self-willed, quite in contrast to her younger brother, a fair-faced, gentle boy, who had been a pupil from the opening day. The first morning of Lucy's attendance she brought a note from her father which stated that his daughter was not obliged to listen to any 'pious nonsense' at the opening of school. Miss Rex read it respectfully, while Lucy waited by her side. Then, laying her hand gently on Lucy's arm, she said with her winning smile:

'Miss Lucy, I am glad to have you here. I am sure you will be a great help to the arithmetic class. I hear you are quick in numbers, and were a real inspiration to the class last winter. I will give you the farthest seat next the door, the seat of honor, we will call it, as you are probably the oldest pupil here. But another reason is that your father requests that you shall not be obliged to attend the first exercise in the morning. As that is the last ten minutes before nine o'clock, the time for beginning school proper, you can time your coming so as to enter then, and can slip in without disturbance. You will like that seat, no doubt. The morning air comes in so cool and fresh there. Now, as it is just time to strike the bell, you can withdraw if you wish.'

Lucy nodded assent, sauntered back to her seat, deposited her books, but instead of withdrawing, with a shade of embarrassment and a do-as-I-please look in her eye settled into her seat. Evidently as she was not obliged to listen, her curiosity was prompting her to do so this once.

The oldest boy in school was Conger Butler, a tall, slender lad, with an expansive brow and pale face. He lived alone with a bachelor brother. Conger kept the house while Richard worked the farm. They were the remnants of a family out of which had died the parents, two sisters and a brother, all smitten by consumption. These two, the eldest and the youngest, were devotedly attached to each other. Conger loved books and study, and Richard gratified every wish so far as possible, shielding him with the tenderness of a mother. This is how he, a boy of thirteen, came to be a pupil in our summer school. Conger had never had religious training. This side of his nature was a garden of weeds. He had entered school but a few days before Lucy, and the two new scholars sat directly opposite. The impressive moments of devotion passed with their usual quiet and attention.

The heat of summer was growing more intense, and our teacher's duties more arduous with the advent of the older pupils. But the patient sweetness of her nature rose above the weariness and anxiety that sometimes pressed upon her.

After the first morning Lucy remained outside. A week or more had passed since she came, when one morning, in the midst of prayer, a ball bounded over the floor, and a titter of suppressed laughter was heard near the door. Attention was distracted, and there was a general stir and

disturbance. The prayer was briefer than usual. A pained expression was on the face of our teacher. But she had no word of reproof. Her quiet, self-controlled glance into the upturned faces restored harmony. Lucy entered with a flushed face and took her seat. The day's work was taken up and carried forward without discord. The next morning Conger remained outside with Lucy. Several pebble stones were thrown in during worship, and a large paper wad fell before the teacher's desk. That afternoon, in the last moments of hush before dismissal, she said: 'I have a personal favor to ask. Will two of my pupils remain for a moment?' She glanced pleasantly at Lucy and waited until Lucy's head dropped in assent, and then her glance rested on Conger. The school went silently out, and the three were left alone. We scholars never knew what passed in that interview, but it bore its fruits. Rebellion was mastered by love. The two were thereafter in their seats and respectful at devotions. Unconsciously the teacher's high ideals became the pupils' own. She was so loyal to her convictions of right and truth, so unselfish in the use of her time, so devoted to the building of character, as well as to the culture of intellect, so royal in giving of herself to her work, that she gave a trend to that backwoods district that carried it out into a larger and an uplifted life. She stamped her pupils for future usefulness. 'A little child shall lead them' was verified in many of those cabin homes, as in and out the little ones flitted, redolent with the myrrh and aloes of her sympathetic teaching.

'Boarding round,' with all its crudity, had also compensations. In those days of unconventional hospitality, the teacher's week was eagerly looked forward to by the children of the home; to the mother it was the coming of a little of the outside world into the monotonous round of her domestic life that sweetened and flavored it.

Miss Rex had so won the hearts of her pupils that her short sojourn in the family circle was an event of interest. Her gentle demeanor was an object lesson to the older daughters. She had some funny little story or interesting bit of science; at the opportune moment she would refer the big boys to some patriotic event in the country's history, when they planned for the Fourth or for an up-the-river excursion. Through Lucy and her brother even Mr. Denver, the director, with all his hatred of 'pious nonsense,' was coming to tolerate the 'school marm.' Lucy had grown more tractable under her tuition, more helpful at home, more thoughtful and less selfish to her mother.

Saturday night, before the closing week of our school, a tragic event occurred that thrilled our community for miles around. A party of boys had gone off on a 'coon hunt,' as these devastating little rioters were making mischief in the farmers' corn fields. The party, with their guns and trained dogs, were scaling a fence when, by the accidental discharge of a gun, Percy Denver was shot.

I remember how, early next morning, my father heard the news from a passing neighbor. He knew only a few facts—that Percy was alive and conscious when he was taken home, that Richard Butler had started immediately for the nearest doctor, fifteen miles away. I remember how shocked our little household was by the sad event. The still Sabbath air seemed burdened with grief. Our parents sat silent at the breakfast table, as though smitten themselves. The chirp of the robin was a discordant note, and the cluck of the hen at the kitchen door, calling her brood for a crumb or a worm, was an intrusive sound.

Throbbing with sympathy, father and mother drove over to the sorrowing home. I remember how long the day seemed to us children, how impatiently we watched for their return. It was the twilight, and the full moon had risen over the treetops, when they came. Mother's eyes were red with weeping and her voice tremulous and low as, gathered on the doorsteps, we listened to her story.

Many kind neighbors were there before them, sitting about the door or gathered in little groups under the trees, conversing in low tones, waiting to perform any needed bidding. Percy was still alive and conscious. He had asked for Miss Rex. She was sent for and had been by his side since sunrise. He seemed to suffer at times intensely, but when she came he put his hand in hers and smiled. Poor Mrs. Denver, suppressing her own grief, was doing her utmost to comfort her husband, who at times raved like a madman, with curses on his lips and cruel reproaches that she allowed the lad to go with the hunters. Then again, silent and tearless, he would bend over the cot where the wounded boy lay and gaze into the half-closed eyes as though his own life was in the balance with the lad's. Once Percy lifted his hand to his father's cheek, and said, 'Don't fret, father, it is all right.'

'Yes, yes, all right when the doctor comes. He'll get you out of this.'

Then Percy said, with such a weary look, 'Father, I want teacher to read the letter. Will you hear and mother?'

'What letter—whose letter? It will tire you to hear reading. You must rest—must get well.'

'Yes, father, but it is the Friend's letter, who went to prepare a place—a home—she will tell you.'

'Nonsense, boy,' and snatching his hat rushed out to the little front gate and looked long and anxiously far up the road, whence the doctor would come. Only a farmer's waggon was jogging down the street. He turned, went around the house, down through the garden, and into the barn. Here he was found later, when Percy called for him, lying prone, sobbing as only a strong heart can sob, out of depths of bitterness.

Again he approached the bedside. Lines of pain were on the boy's face, his brow was growing whiter and a wonderful brightness was in his eyes.

'Father,' he said, in a whisper, 'the letter—Jesus—teacher knows it—listen.'

'Yes, yes, my boy, anything—anything you want.'

The mother and Lucy were bravely battling with the great grief that was drawing closer. Percy's hand was in his father's. He said, faintly, 'Tell it, teacher.'

Slowly and tremulously, but distinctly, these words fell upon the listening ears:

'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'

'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.'

'And hurt?' said Percy.

'Yes, hurt,' said Miss Rex, 'and I will give you rest.'

She paused. 'The light, teacher, tell that,' said Percy. She went on:

'God is light and in him is no darkness at all. . . . If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. . . . . If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

'More, teacher—the promise.'

'And this is the promise he hath promised us, even eternal life. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God."'

Percy's eyes closed and he seemed to sleep. Presently the doctor's gig drew up at the door. Outstretched hands grasped the reins, and he, a massive figure, with loosely curling white hair, thrown back from a genial, sunburned face, entered the stricken home.

'Doctor, you must save my boy,' was all the poor father could say, as he clasped the big, hearty hand of the practitioner.

The doctor bent low upon one knee, and gently laid his finger on the lad's pulse. After some moments he turned back the sheets and found the wound. He made a slight examination, as gentle in every touch as a mother. Then replacing the sheet, he lifted the waxy lid and gazed in the eye. With an ominous shake of the head he looked up into the father's face, where a battle of emotions was being fought, hope and fear contesting the field.

'He is in your hands, doctor, you must save him—save him. He was so strong yesterday, so rosy. You must save him!'

'I would give all I am worth to do it,' came the response, slowly, 'but I could not, had I been here from the first. The wound reaches a vital spot. He does not suffer now.'

A little suppressed cry of agony burst from the mother's lips, and she sank at Percy's feet, and gathered them in her hands. A bitter groan escaped the father. Just then the eyelids of the dying boy lifted, and he said, feebly, 'Father, mother—listen. Teacher, tell it—mansions.'

The teacher's words, spoken slowly, broken by emotion, fell upon the ears of all present:

'"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also." . . . Jesus saith, "I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me."'

'Amen!' said the doctor, who sat with bowed head, his finger on Percy's pulse.

Then silence fell, broken only by a sob or quivering note of sorrow from the family or the neighbors who had gathered in. Presently a sigh, scarcely more than a breath, came from the cot. The doctor laid his ear to the boy's heart for some moments. Then the good man arose, clasped the father's hand, and said, '"It is well

with the child. You may go to him, but he will never return to you."'

When mother finished we children were sobbing. It was our first near approach to death. He, the mischief-loving, gentle playfellow of yesterday was gone—where? We looked up through the sifting moonlight and wondered—where? Her recital made death seem a loving messenger winning us to some beautiful home, the sorrow of those left behind its only evil and dread.

Two days later our school-room, hung about and curtained with greenery from the woods, with pots of fern and the wild cardinal flower, with mosses and the sweet elder bloom until it was a bower of beauty, was opened for its first funeral service.

Mr. Denver collapsed utterly after the death. He sat, dumb with his grief, the two following nights by the cot where lay the white figure. When, holding the hand of his weeping wife, he followed the coffin he seemed an aged man, so bent was he. But the bitter rebellion was gone from his heart. Chastened and subdued, he listened to the voice of the preacher.

Miss Rex returned to the sad home every night until the end of the school. It had been to us an eventful term. Forces of our being had been set to work that would tell through all our future. The invisible world to which faith looks out had become a reality. Our lives had been spiritualized and refined, and she, the teacher of our up-country district school, had been God's instrument.

The Denvers, in their loneliness, felt they could not part with the teacher of their children—with her who had so impressed and entered into the life of their lost boy. We children were all overjoyed when, in the autumn, it was settled that Miss Rex was to teach the winter school. Even the boys as big as their fathers made no protest. The director and his wife had invited her to make their home hers.

The winter school was no less a success than the summer. Morning devotions were continued. She faced more perplexing and sterner duties and toil that taxed her nerves and self-control; but the grace of her unseen Friend was sufficient. She subdued kingdoms of youthful perversity, wrought wonders by her eye single to righteousness, stirred many a conscience and won the citadel of many a wayward heart. At the close of her winter's work Miss Rex returned to her eastern home for needed rest.

It may have been a year or more when God sent another faithful worker into this field, a Moravian evangelist. There were still bitter opponents of all that is sacred, but there were many hearts that had been touched and were 'almost persuaded.' Under this evangelist many were converted, a permanent society was formed, and a few years later a little church was built. The first reached in this work of grace were hearts that had been so deeply ploughed by sorrow and ministered to by our faithful teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Denver were among its most earnest and generous supporters. Many of Miss Rex's pupils were gathered in whose future lives broadened and brightened into much usefulness. Lucy became a missionary, whose long service uplifted and brought healing to the perishing. Five of the boys who were in the hunting party the night Percy was shot went at their country's call in the struggle of '61. Four of them were members of the little white church and its Sabbath-school. Conger Butler, the bright particular star of our district school, graduated at the State University with honors. While studying law another voice was calling him to a higher service. A few years later he was in the pulpit of a large western church, where faithful labor for many years wrought for righteouness until he was called up higher.

A Daughter of Filling's Chinks.

(Lillie H. French, in the 'Century.')

I remember that on her sixteenth birthday she gave me a cup of tea; and certainly, that day as I watched her, dainty, charming, considerate, and beautiful, moving about her mother's drawing-room with exquisite grace, there was little in her manner to suggest a mind filled with those projects for relieving suffering which my older acquaintance meant to leave until she was forty. And yet, at that very time, this young girl was making daily excursions to a hospital for work in the children's ward. I asked her only the other day to tell me about it, and I shall here record what she said:

'The funds at the hospital were low, and there were only sufficient nurses to do what actual work was needed, but the doctors all said that the children must be amused. After a surgical operation many a little patient has fretted him or herself into a fever, from crying, partly with pain and partly with the irritation of the unaccustomed bandages. At meal times, too, it was impossible for the few nurses to wait on all at once, and the wails of rage and disappointment that went up from the little cots were piteous. So our committee was composed almost entirely of girls still at school.

'There were about fifty of us, and we were divided into groups, so that four or five of us were supposed to be at the wards every day except Sunday, which is mothers' day. We brought picture books and toys, and played with the children and sang to them, if we could, and tried to be there at their dinner and supper time to help feed the hungry little mouths. We were to help soothe and comfort children just coming out of the influence of ether, for often, as you doubtless know, they sob unconsciously, and in some cases much mischief may be done unless the patient is quiet.

'Then, too, our being there allowed some of the nurses time for their daily walk, or liberty to attend clinical lectures. At Christmas we brought toys and supplied the dinner for the children. Our annual dues (five dollars for each of us) supported a bed. This will give you an idea of how we tried to fill in a few cracks in the good work that was being done by the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee.'

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Elzira's Home.

(Source Unknown.)

The time came when Mr. Dobbs could build a nice, new farmhouse, and Mrs. Dobbs could have a parlor 'like other folks.' It was a happy moment for her when the Brussels carpet was laid and the upholstered chairs were brought from the village. There were four of them—one blue, one green, another olive and the fourth a large easy chair, a beautiful garnet. The sofa was also garnet, and it sat across the corner, wearing a constant blush of welcome for stylish people who never came.

Of course, Mrs. Dobbs had callers, but her neighbors always came to the side door where they could sit outside and visit, or in the neat dining-room. She would invite them to the parlor; but no, they felt more at home elsewhere; so the nice room, with its chairs and tables, tidies, photographs, and vase of pampas grass, was left very much to itself. There was a large mirror on the wall, in which Mrs. Dobbs always looked when she was ready for church, and also some pictures which I hope you will not ask me to describe, but which were just as dear to the farmer's wife as if they had been paintings by the 'old masters.'

Sometimes, when Mrs. Dobbs put on her clean afternoon dress, she used to go into this room and sit first in one velvet chair, and then in another, until she had tried them all. It was just like Silverhair, who went into the 'Three Bears' Home,' and sat first in the 'G-r-e-a-t Bear's chair,' and so on, until the 'Little Bear's chair' went all to pieces under her.

But there was this difference. Mrs. Dobbs's chairs were strong, and as she went out after her solitary visit she always looked back and saw them in their blue, garnet, green and olive elegance, standing sedately in their places.

Mr. Dobbs's favorite seat was on the back porch, which faced the western hills and gave him glorious sunset views. Nobody knew what he was thinking about, for he did not talk much, but if one looks at Nature's beautiful sights—sky and field and forests—he often has very pleasant thoughts which he cannot express in words. The view from the back porch also took in a hill a short distance from the house where were three little graves; and Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs could never forget, no, never! the dear little forms they had buried there.

Perhaps Mr. Dobbs had been thinking of Willie and Susie and the baby one night in August, when suddenly, as he sat there, he saw a young girl come briskly along the roadway and stop at the garden gate. There she stood, looking at the neat garden with its rows of beans and beets and popcorn, and its beds of onions and curly-headed lettuce.

'Mother!' called Mr. Dobbs, and his wife came trotting out obediently. 'Find out what she wants, will you?' he asked, pointing to the silent figure leaning upon the gate.

So Mrs. Dobbs went down the garden patch, holding up the light print dress carefully. 'Well, little girl, what do you want?' she inquired.

'Im just lookin', tryin' to find me a place,' she replied calmly, meeting Mrs. Dobbs's inquiry with steady gray

'But where do you live? I don't seem to remember whose girl you are.'

The bright eyes were cast down, but her tone was still calm, as she said, 'I'm just stayin' at that house out beyond the village; the big yellow house with poplars in front. I guess you know about it.'

Mrs. Dobbs felt a certain respect for the girl who would not say 'poor-house.'

'So you've been staying with Mrs. White's folks?' she said.

'Yes'm. My folks are all dead since gran'mother went. Didn't you ever know Gran'mother Wilkes—Mrs. Elzira Wilkes?'

'Why, certainly. I want to know if you're her gran'daughter?'

'Yes'm. She wouldn't like it if she knew I was at the yellow house. She said there was a place for me somewhere. She said there was folks who would be good to me if I worked faithful, and maybe buy me an organ, but I'd have to hunt 'em up. I wish this was the place, it looks so nice.'

'Oh, I don't need a girl,' said Mrs. Dobbs, hastily. But suddenly she realized that she was not perfectly satisfied with her new house, and wondered, as her eyes met those of the girl, if it might not be something alive and young that she missed.

'So you think you would like to come here. Well, I never thought of such a thing till this minute, but maybe you could come for a spell. Oh, you needn't redden up so! I'll have to talk with father, and I suppose he'll think we couldn't no way have you. What's your name?'

'Elzira—Elzira Wilkes,' was the prompt response, 'same as my gran'mother's.'

'Well, come to-morrow about three o'clock, and we'll see.'

Then, as the girl turned to go away, she added, 'Bring a pail, Elzira, and tell Mrs. White you are coming to get some Early Sweets.'

Mrs. Dobbs was surprised at herself as she walked back to the porch, and yet she smiled as she said, 'It's old Mrs. Wilkes's gran'daughter, Eben. You remember she moved to Pemaquid some years ago. She's in the poor-house, Elzira is, but says there's a place for her, so she's lookin' round. Seems as if she thought she could pick out a home and folks for herself, same as she'd pick out calico for a new dress. Poor child, she needs a new dress, too.'

Mr. Dobbs said nothing, so she turned her face away and continued, 'Ye see, Eben, I thought when we got our new house, and I had my parlor all furnished, I'd feel contented, and not think so much about—the children. But you can't love things made out of wood—leastways, I can't, and it came to me while I talked with Elzira that I wanted a live girl in the house. Maybe she isn't the one, and maybe she won't like it, but—'

Mr. Dobbs cleared his throat and hitched his chair to a new spot.

'Just as you like, mother. She might be real handy for you.'

And that was all that was said about Elzira until two o'clock the next day, when Mrs. Kingsbury, Mrs. Dobbs's nearest neighbor, came to return the 'preserve kettle' which she had borrowed. She also had an eye on the 'Early Sweets.'

Mrs. Dobbs had a confidential nature, and had soon told her about Elzira, and her hope that she might be a girl she could keep.

But Mrs. Kingsbury shook her head. 'You don't want that girl, now I tell you. My husband's sister lives over to Pemaquid, next house to where her gran'ma lived. H'm! Elzira would drive you crazy.'

Mrs. Dobbs's disappointment showed in her voice, as she said, 'Why, what has the child done? She looked like a real bright, high-spirited girl.'

'High spirited!' echoed Mrs. Kingsbury, 'yes, she is. When her gran'ma's money was all gone, Elzira picked berries and sold 'em for medicine and tea. I s'pose she didn't know what 'twas to have a good, square meal many a day. But you never would know it. She's got that way of holding her head as if she owned a farm.'

'Well, Mr. Smith, my husband's sister's husband, said he couldn't let 'em starve next door to him. He said Gran'ma Wilkes must go to the poor-house where she'd have good care. He told Elzira what she should do, and she took on awful. She said she could take care of her—she was going to sell the mahogany table and the spoons.' Mrs. Kingsbury paused to laugh, but Mrs. Dobbs wiped her eyes.

'Well, Mr. Smith knew he must do his duty, so he said he should come with the overseer of the poor, and have gran'ma took off in a covered carriage. Instid of being grateful, Elzira waved her pipe-stem arms, and says she, "I shan't let you take her out of the house!" But Mr. Smith went with the overseer just the same, and when they got there next morning, what do you think? The girl had hung a red cloth out of the window, and printed "smallpox" in big letters on the house? Of course, they wasn't scared, but they were provoked. Mr. Smith went up to the door, and 'twas locked. "Well," he says, "we've got to break in, it's our duty." They were just about to do so, when down came a lot of cold water from an upstairs winder.'

Mrs. Dobbs was now laughing very heartily. 'Oh, you see the funny side of it,' said Mrs. Kingsbury, tartly, 'but 'twasn't any laughing matter to them—two big men put to flight by that whisp of a girl.'

'Poor child!' ejaculated Mrs. Dobbs, 'her gran'mother was a Spencer, and they was all proud spirited. What did she do then?'

'Do? She sold the table and spoons, and her gran'ma died the next week. Mr. Smith's folks didn't go near,' she added.

'Did she ever ask his pardon for throwing water over him?'

'Oh, yes; she came 'round with an old silver watch that was her father's, and asked him to take it as pay for spoiling his hat.'

'And did he take it?' asked Mrs. Dobbs, with a queer expression in her kind eyes.

'Why, yes; he knew it was a good timekeeper, and he wanting a watch, Mr. Smith was. Elzira kissed it, and made quite a time parting with it; but, of course, she didn't need such a thing at the poor-house.'

Mrs. Dobbs put one hand over her lips and pressed hard, as if she were afraid to speak. Just then the clock struck three, and around the corner of the house, with a light, quick tread, came Elzira.

Her face was quite pale, and her eager eyes asked the one question which meant much to her, and Mrs. Dobbs understood.

'I've given you fair warning,' whispered Mrs. Kingsbury, with a disapproving glance at the girl, but Mrs. Dobbs opened her arms.

'Come here, you brave girl,' said the good woman; 'I guess if you could stand by your gran'mother and keep her out of the poor-house you're the very girl we want.'

Elzira gave one little sob, as if her fortitude must at last give way, and threw herself upon her knees, burying her face in her comforter's ample lap. She had 'found her place.'

Mrs. Dobbs has never been able to understand her good fortune in finding such a brave, true spirit as she discovers day by day in her adopted daughter, and Elzira is as greatly puzzled over her choice of a home. When a new organ was placed in the parlor, and music lessons became a beautiful reality, and when Mrs. Dobbs saw a very erect Elzira practicing her scales, she said to Mr. Dobbs, 'It was something alive and young that my parlor needed, just as I told you.'

And they both look over on the hill where three little graves are, and thank their Heavenly Father, who sent the homeless girl to their lonely, loving hearts.

A Missionary Heroine.

At Rangoon I attended a service at the American Mission. Over 1,000 adults were present, and the preacher, only twenty-two years of age, who had arrived at Rangoon the day before, preached with marvellous fluency. He was a missionary's son. As a child he lived with his father and mother in the jungles of Burmah, where it was the business of the father to follow the Karens, who were nomads, on their wanderings. Cholera came, and the missionary died. It seemed the plain duty of the widow to return to America with her only child, that he might be educated. But the thought came, 'If I leave these Karens, who is going to look after them?' She saw it to be her duty to let her son go home by himself, while she remained in the jungle to carry on the work. For seven years and a half she toiled, doing herself the full work of a missionary all alone; but she saw a great harvest of souls as the result of her self-denying labor for Christ. All the time she prayed, 'God, save my boy!' One day a letter came saying he was converted, and he wrote, 'I think I will be a missionary.' She replied, 'That is what I want; come and take up your father's work.' The day before she had welcomed her boy, and now sat hearing him preach. I said to myself, 'If ever Christ had a heroine, this noble woman is surely one!'—'Living Springs.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

As a result of cigarette smoking it is believed that Fred. Norton, of Unadilla, N.Y., has permanently lost the sight of both eyes. The boy was suddenly stricken with blindness, and specialists have no hesitation in declaring that the cigarette habit is responsible for his condition and fear his sight cannot be restored.

Regaining a Member

(Frank H. Sweet, in 'American Messenger.')

'I move we drop the following names from our roll,' said the Secretary, and then read off four or five names, pausing a moment after each.

'I second the motion,' came from somewhere back in the room.

But at that moment a boy near the door rose impetuously.

'Wait just a minute,' he said, 'we don't want to make any mistake. Suppose we drop the first four, as they have moved away, and hold on to Lou Briggs a while longer.'

'He hasn't attended a meeting in months,' objected the Secretary, 'and the last time he was spoken to by a look-out committee he said he didn't know as he cared to come any more. We can't carry names that way.'

'But I think there must be some mistake, or—or misunderstanding,' insisted the boy near the door. 'Lou Briggs isn't one to speak slightingly of our meeting. I know him a little. He was in my class at school before he got a job in the factory. Sometimes I think we are not quite cordial enough. The mill district fellows feel that we do not treat them quite like we do the rest of the town, and I —well, I believe they are half right. This ought not to be. In the Endeavor Society we should drop everything like that. I believe Lou Briggs is a fellow we ought to know better, to be proud of, to be glad to associate with; and I believe that if he can be brought into touch with us, he will help the Society. He supports his mother and the children now, and he is working hard for an education. But even if it were different, if he were shiftless and weak, it would be our duty to try to lift him up. That is what Christ teaches us, what our Society is for; not to thrust out, but to draw in. Because a fellow is obliged to live in a cheap place and work, should not influence us, nor the fact that he hasn't had our advantages for an education. I move that we hold on to Lou Briggs for a while longer, and that some of us go to him, not to warn him that he will be expelled if he don't attend, but to convince him that we really want him to come.'

'I second the motion,' came from the same voice in the back part of the room.

'And I move that our friend Bert be the one to see Lou Briggs,' added the Secretary.

Bert Gardiner was very busy at this time, for he was giving all his spare moments to a few special studies in which he felt himself deficient, hoping to be able to enter college in the fall. But the next day he arranged to borrow a couple of hours from himself, and to make it up by extra hard study.

He did not know exactly where Lou lived, only that it was in one of the cheaper tenements of the mill district. From there he hoped to be directed to the mill in which Lou worked.

But here he was especially fortunate, for as he went down one of the narrow alleys, he met the object of his quest face to face. Lou was in his shirt sleeves, his arms bare, and with dark streaks upon his hands and face from the machines among which he had been working. In his hands he carried a cast of bobbins. Evidently he was on his way from one mill to another. When he saw Bert he flushed slightly, and then stood aside to let him pass. But Bert stopped also.

'Hello, Lou,' he exclaimed cordially, 'you're just the fellow I want to see. You remember those books on mathematics you wanted to buy from Philips, and he asked too much? Well, I've got a set that I'm just through with, and some more on the same subject. If you can find use for them, you are welcome to the lot. They're likely to find their way into the waste barrel if you don't. Come,' frankly, as he noticed the embarrassment on Lou's face; 'don't let your supersensitiveness come to the surface on account of such a trifle. Can't you accept a few old books from a friend?'

There was a momentary struggle on the mill boy's face; then he, too, smiled frankly.

'Yes, I'll take them,' he answered simply, 'and much obliged.'

'And now there's another thing I want to speak to you about,' Bert went on; 'we haven't seen you at our meetings for a long time. What's the matter? Don't say you can't spare the time,' smiling warningly, 'that is too old a story. Anybody can find time, or make time for a duty.'

'Oh,' it isn't that,' returned Lou, deprecatingly, 'I—I—are you sure your members really want me? Of course, they've asked me to come, and have told me my name would be dropped from the roll if I didn't attend more regularly; but—I—I—have thought—'

'Look here, Lou Briggs,' and Bert placed both his hands on the other's shoulders, 'don't let us have any more of that. You're too sensible. What's the use of one-half the world shrugging its shoulders, and the other turning its back. Why can't we all go forward and make use of the good things that are ready, and help to create more? That's what Christ teaches us, isn't it? We're all workers, in one way and another, and pretty much alike. You just come forward frankly and ready to do your part, and there will always be plenty to welcome you. And another thing, Lou,' earnestly, 'you can reach young people in the mills whom we would find it difficult to influence. Christ needs just such a strong, earnest worker as you,' looking squarely into Lou's eyes. 'And as to wanting you, I can speak for one. I do want you. Will you come?'

And Lou, his eyes also frank and direct, answered, 'Yes.'

From the Bottom Up.

('Wellspring.')

Mr. Charles A. Schieren, a former mayor of Brooklyn, and a successful business man, believes that a boy should always be-begin at the foot. He relates an incident which impressed this upon him:

It was my good fortune to experience, when I began business life, an object lesson of the danger and annoyance that come to the man who does not understand his business in all its branches. At the head of the firm in whose employ I was as clerk was a strong, forceful, business man. He was an excellent merchant, but ignorant of the purchasing end of his concern, and no practical manufacturer. The result was that he was dependent absolutely on the judgment and good will of his foreman, a drunken, worthless, bulliragging man, who made the most of the power that the 'old man's' ignorance gave him. Whenever the merchant went into the market to buy material he had to take the foreman with him to tell him what to select. He never bought a pound of leather without having the foreman tag after him to pass on its value.

I had made up my mind to adopt the leather business as a career, and the object lesson given by the domination of this foreman and the helplessness of the 'old man' made me resolve that I would study and master the business in all its branches. Though I was a clerk, I learned the practical part of manufacturing and learned to operate every machine. I was not content to know merely what a machine did, but investigated for myself the processes by which the work was accomplished.

The result was that very early in my career I found many defects in machinery that had for years been accepted as perfect, in our trade. This knowledge enabled me to invent many improvements in the machinery and gave me a decided advantage over my competitors when I went into business for myself. I doubt whether any piece of mechanism ever invented is so perfect that the man who acquaints himself with it cannot after a while see a chance for some improvements. To the man who sees, suggestions are constantly occurring.

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of March 7, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Opening of Parliament—Special Correspondence Manchester 'Guardian.'
Later in the Day—By Henry W. Lucy, in the 'Graphic,' London.
National Convention on Municipal Ownership and Public Franchise—Held under the auspices of the Reform Club, New York—'Herald,' 'Evening Post' and 'Commercial Advertiser' New York.
The New Archbishop of Canterbury—'Daily Graphic,' London.
Chicago and Francis—By C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
'Automatonism' in the Army—'The Spectator,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Watteau Made Popular—'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Von Lenbach, The Man and Painter—By Louise Parks Richards, in the 'Cosmopolitan Magazine' for March. Abridged.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Strenuous Life—Poem, by Ella Fuller-Maitland, in the 'Spectator,' London.
The Approach of Spring—An experiment in Praxillo's Metre—By J. E. G. Montmorency, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Recompense—Poem, by E. E. H., in the 'Pilot,' London.
Mr. George Meredith—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Edna Lyall—In the 'Daily News,' London.
An Author at Grass. Extracts from the Private Papers of Henry Rycroft. Edited by George Gissing.—'Fortnightly Review,' London.
How Stevenson Wrote His Stories—From Memoirs of Vailima—By Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne, 'Scribner's.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. James Glaisher—'Daily News,' London.
The Problem of the Atypical Child—By Alida S. Williams, in the 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Heavens in March—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph.D., of Cambridge, in the 'Scientific American.'
Suggestions for Research—'Scientific American.'

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What Nannie Learnt from the Geese.

'Nannie! Nannie!'

'Here I am, Mother!' and a bright-faced little girl of eight years old jumped up from the grass, on which she had been playing with the kitten.

'Make haste, child, put on a clean pinafore, and get your bonnet, for I must send you to the Vicarage with the butter to-day.'

'Oh, Mother, I shall like that! Perhaps I shall see Miss Edith, and she will take me into her playroom. She did last time!' And away ran Nannie, and in a few minutes was back again, looking as fresh as a daisy in her clean pinafore and pink sun-bonnet.

The butter was all ready for her, packed in a basket and covered with a clean cloth, and Nannie started on her way, waving a good-bye to Mother, who stood a minute at the door watching her little girl. The road lay across the common, and then along a sandy lane. At the entrance of the lane there was a thick hedge of blackberries, and as Nannie glanced up she saw, to her delight that some of the berries had already ripened, and were hanging just within reach in tempting black clusters. But Nannie well knew that she must not pick blackberries if she hoped to keep her hands and her white pinafore in a fit state for a visit to the Vicarage, so she contented herself with looking, and called out saucily, 'I'll come and eat you all up on my way back,' and was about to walk on, when she was startled by a flock of geese, which appeared suddenly from behind the hedge and advanced towards Nannie with a vast amount of cackling and hissing.

THEY CAME RIGHT ROUND NANNIE.

Now Nannie, though a farmer's child, was somewhat timid, and to geese she had a special dislike, for, though she knew they could not really hurt, yet she was always afraid of their noise. These geese, too, were really so very bold. They came right round Nannie, stretching out their long necks, and looking so fierce that it was more than Nannie could bear, and she was just thinking that she really must turn back—she never could make her way past all that rude flock of hissing creatures—when she suddenly caught sight of her father in a distant field.

'Father!' she cried gleefully, and, making her way boldly through the flock, she ran to meet him. 'Oh, Father, those horrid geese hissed so that I was frightened, and I was just going to run back when I saw you. Oh, I am glad!'

The farmer took the little girl's hand in his, and clasped it tightly as he answered, 'Run back! nay, Nannie! I trust my little girl would not be so silly as to let the cackling of a few silly geese turn her out of the right way.'

* * * *

Nannie never forgot that speech of her father's. It came back to her many and many a time in after life, and when foolish people, or her own foolish fears, would tempt her to forsake some duty, she would then recall that scene in the sandy lane, and seemed again to hear her father's words, 'Never let the cackling of a few silly geese turn you out of the right way.'—E. A. B.

Peter Peacock.

('Little Folks.')

Tommy was sitting on the back porch in the sunshine. With his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand Tommy smiled lazily at Peter's mincing manner as he tip-toed back and forth on the stone walk.

Peter was Aunt Lizzie's pet peacock and a most beautiful object to behold. Just now, with his gorgeous tail full spread, he was wondering why Tommy did not toss him bits of bread, as people generally did so who sat on the porch, and he continued to step back and forth, back and forth, expecting that Tommy would throw the bread.

Tommy thought that Peter acted like a sentry in uniform on duty, pacing his beat, and when Aunt Lizzie came to the door she agreed with Tommy that Peter Peacock made a very magnificent sentinel.

'And he acts as if he felt proud of himself, doesn't he?' said Tommy. 'I wonder if he knows how handsome he is! I wish Peter could see himself.'

'We might let him have a look,' said Aunt Lizzie, and she went into the house and brought out a mirror. She placed it on the ground, leaning it against the churn, which was standing in the sun to dry. It was quite a tall mirror, one in which Peter could see himself full length. Then Aunt Lizzie sat down beside Tommy.

Peter came mincing slowly up to see what the shining object might be. Peter was always much interested to examine anything new.

As he came nearer and nearer, Peter lowered his crested head, stretched out his neck, and at last put his face close to the glass. With great surprise he saw a peacock,

with lowered head and outstretched neck, gazing at him.

Aunt Lizzie and Tommy could see that Peter thought he had discovered an intruder in his yard; also that it depended on his smartness and quickness to catch him and put him out.

Darting around back of the churn, he stopped in astonishment not to find him there. Raising his head, he looked sharply all about the yard to see where the other peacock had gone.

Three times did Peter come back in front of the mirror and assure himself that another peacock was really there. Each of the three times he darted back of the churn to pounce upon him—only to be too late.

At last Peter Peacock stood still and thought for as much as a minute.

Once more he came back. This time he looked long and carefully at his gorgeous enemy, all green and blue and bronze. Then with a quick spring he leaped straight up right at the mirror and came down on the other side with an air which plainly said: 'This time, my boy, I have you.'

Aunt Lizzie sprang too, but too late. The sudden flirt of Peter Peacock's long silken tail had knocked down both mirror and churn. But the crashing glass and rolling churn did not disturb Peter. He seemed to think that his enemy was buried under the ruins. Spreading his tail and settling his head down into his shoulders after the fashion of all Peter Peacocks, he gave two or three piercing war-whoops of victory and minced daintily away.

How Nellie Learned to Obey.

'You may stand on the floor until the bell rings,' said Miss Cramer to the little new scholar, whose name was Nellie, and who had refused to do almost everything the teacher had required of her.

Then, turning to the other pupils, she said, 'You will all be sorry for this little girl when I tell you that she has never been taught to obey.

The small, mutinous figure stood twisting one hand about the thumb of the other and scowling until her black brows met. Suddenly she said, with a stamp of her tiny foot:

'I'll tip the table over!'

To which Miss Cramer quietly replied, 'Well, tip the table over,' as if that were a trifling matter.

'I'll knock the stove down!'

'Very well, knock it down,' said Miss Cramer. But she wanted to laugh.

'I'll break all the windows!'

'Very well.'

There was silence for a few minutes. Then, 'I don't care; I killed a fly yesterday, anyhow!'

Here the whole school laughed, and Miss Cramer laughed with them, and, as it was noon, she dismissed them.

During the afternoon session Nellie behaved about as she pleased, roaming about the room, and talking or singing, and, when reproved, declared that she couldn't keep still; mamma said she couldn't.

Next morning Miss Cramer called the child to her; then, turning to the pupils, she said: 'You have all seen and heard a good deal of Nellie Stratton. Now all those who think that Nellie can sit down and keep still and behave like a lady may raise their hands.'

Every hand went up.

'Now you may tell Nellie what name we have for a girl or boy who behaves as she has done.'

'Baby!' shouted the forty voices, and Nellie's face grew crimson.

'Now,' continued the teacher, 'if Nellie thinks that Nellie Stratton can behave like a lady, she may raise her hand.'

A moment's hesitation, then up went the hand, and, turning to Miss Cramer, the child said, 'You put up your hand.'

'Yes, indeed I will, for I am sure that Nellie can if she tries.' And so up went the teacher's hand, and Miss Nellie was quiet all the afternoon.

As time went on she sometimes forgot; but Miss Cramer had only to turn her around and say, 'Let me see if Nellie is growing backward into a baby instead of forward into a big girl,' and Nellie would straighten out her wriggles and promptly say, 'No, I isn't.'

When school closed for the holidays, and the children all flocked around the teacher to bid her good-bye, Nellie threw her arms about Miss Cramer's neck, saying, 'I love you; you're so good I'd like to eat you with a spoon.'

'Do you know that one reason why you love me is that you obey me?' asked Miss Cramer. 'We all obey some one, you know, dear. We must, to be happy.'

'Who do you mind?' asked Nellie.

'God,' said her teacher, softly.—'Child's Hour.'

Four Dogs.

('Dumb Animals.')

There were four dogs one summer day
Went out for a morning walk,
And as they trotted along their way
They began to laugh and talk!

Said Dog No. 1, 'I really think
My master is very wise;
For he builds great houses tall and grand
That reach clear up to the skies!'

Said Dog No. 2, in a scornful tone,
'Ho! ho! That's wonderful—yes!
But listen to me—my master writes books!
He's sold a million, I guess!'

Then Dog No. 3 tossed his curly head
And gave a sly little wink;
'That's nothing to tell! My master is rich!
He owns half the world, I think!'

The fourth little dog had been trotting along,
With a wise, reflective mind.
At last he said, with a happy smile,
'My master—he is kind!'

* * * * * *

Now, if your opinion should be asked,
I wonder what you would say!
Which dog paid the sweetest compliment
To his master on that day?'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

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LESSON XIII.—MARCH 29.

REVIEW.

Golden Text.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—Matthew xxviii., 20.

Home Readings.

Monday, Mar. 23.—Acts xvi., 22-34.
Tuesday, Mar. 24.—Acts xvii., 1-12.
Wednesday, Mar. 25.—Acts xvii., 22-34.
Thursday, Mar. 26.—Acts xviii., 1-11.
Friday, Mar. 27.—Acts xviii., 24; xix., 6.
Saturday, Mar. 28.—Acts xix., 13-20.
Sunday, Mar. 29.—Acts xix., 29-40.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

A review should be a sort of bird's-eye view of the entire quarter's work, so that the relation between the various incidents, addresses and doctrinal points brought out may be seen clearly and correctly.

In order to get at this, in the present case, the student must grasp the main points of the lessons of the past three months and group them together so that he can see the progress of events and appreciate the development of the early church as it spread among new cities and peoples.

After Paul's conversion, he preached for a short time in Damascus, from which place he fled on account of the plot of the Jews to kill him. Going to Jerusalem, he took an active part in the preaching of the Gospel there also, until he was again the object of Jewish conspiracy, and departed to Tarsus by way of Caesarea. We find that Barnabas later sought him out at Tarsus and took him to Antioch, where they worked together for a year. (Acts xi., 22-26.) Afterward these two were sent to Jerusalem to carry relief to the brethren in that city on account of a time of want that afflicted the world. (Acts xi., 27-30.)

After their return to Antioch Paul and Barnabas were at the command of the Holy Spirit, separated for a particular work. (Acts xiii., 2, 3.) Then began what is commonly referred to as Paul's first missionary journey, Barnabas and he, taking Mark with them, visited Cyprus, Antioch of Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, and returned to Antioch. John, however, had left them in Pamphylia. This missionary journey was closed with this return to Antioch, about A.D. 50, having occupied two or three years. Then followed the important council at Jerusalem, which Paul and Barnabas attended, and at which they told of what God had accomplished through them in their ministry among the Gentiles. (Acts xv., 1-31.) They returned to Antioch with the written decision of the council and accompanied by two disciples, Judas and Silas, who were also witnesses of this decision.

After this Paul and Barnabas continued preaching for awhile at Antioch, until Paul proposed that they again visit the cities where they had preached upon their first journey. Barnabas wanted to take Mark with them again, but Paul objected to this because Mark had left them on the former tour. A sharp disagreement arose over the matter, and as a result, Barnabas took Mark and went to Cyprus, but Paul took Silas, who had remained at Antioch, and started through Asia Minor, visiting the churches. (Acts xv., 36-41.) God overruled the momentary weakness of these two faithful servants, so that there were two missionary journeys, instead of one, and four workers instead of three.

Thus Paul sets out upon his second missionary journey, accompanied by Silas. They were led by the Holy Spirit to go to Troas, at which place Paul had the vision, in which he heard the 'Macedonian cry,' 'Come over into Macedonia, and help us.' (Acts xvi., 8-12.) Immediately Paul set out for that country, accompanied by Silas and Timothy, whom he had found at Lystra, also by Luke, as we learn by inference. Philippi was the first city at which they preached, and here our quarter's study of Paul's missionary work opens, with the entrance of the Gospel into Europe.

THE CITIES VISITED.

Perhaps the best way to take up this review is to recall first the cities visited. Let us look at the list of them, with several of the leading events in each case. Remember this is only a suggested outline. Make one for yourself.

Philippi.—Lydia, the first convert to Christianity in Europe. The spirit of divination cast out. Great opposition results. Paul and Silas imprisoned. The jailer and his household converted. Acts xvi., 14-40.

Thessalonica.—Paul preaches at Thessalonica. Some Jews and many Gentiles believe. Hostile Jews make trouble and Paul and Silas go to Berea.

Berea.—Here many Jews believe as well as Gentiles. Jews from Thessalonica come and stir up opposition. Paul goes to Athens. Acts xvii., 1-15.

Athens.—While waiting for Silas and Timothy, Paul proclaims the Gospel to Jews and Gentiles in Athens. He interests certain philosophers. They take him to Mar's Hill. He addresses them upon the 'Unknown God.' Some converts are made. Acts xvii., 16-34.

Corinth.—Paul finds Aquila and Priscilla in Corinth, and dwells with them. He makes tents for his support. Silas and Timothy arrive. Paul turns from the Jews to preach to the Gentiles. He is encouraged by the Lord to preach boldly. Remains a year and six months. Acts xviii., 1-11.

Ephesus.—Paul goes to Jerusalem, Antioch and other places, leaving Aquila and Priscilla at Ephesus. During his absence Apollos comes to Ephesus and preaches. He is instructed more fully by Aquila and Priscilla, and goes on to Corinth. Paul, now on his third journey, comes to Ephesus. Labors here longer than in any other place. Works miracles. Jewish exorcists fail to imitate him. Their failure results in many conversions. Evil books are destroyed. A riot is stirred up by those who make shrines of Diana. It is quelled by the town-clerk. Acts xviii., 24; xix., 41.

LESSONS FROM PAUL'S LETTERS.

Now let us turn our attention to the instruction and advice given by Paul to these young churches.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

In the lesson for January 11, Philippians ii., 13, Paul is writing to a church which he especially loved, and which had shown its love to him in very practical ways upon several occasions. He is not discussing important matters of doctrine here, as in the case of the letters to the Romans, but is advising and exhorting them in simple language, such as a familiar friend might use. The thought of the lesson may be outlined somewhat in this way:

1. Christian Harmony.—If the Philippian Christians find in Christ consolation, love, fellowship of the Spirit and mercies, they are to fulfil Paul's joy by practising such virtues. He forbids strife and vanity, but urges meekness and regard for one another. Philippians ii., 1-4.

2. Imitate Christ.—Having urged this young church to live in loving accord and helpfulness, the apostle now shows them how to accomplish this. They are to have the mind of Christ. He was so exalted that he counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God. Yet he humbled himself, taking the form of a man and even dying on the Cross. He was then the great example of humble service. Verses 5-8.

3. Christ Honored.—But God rewarded him, and gave him a name of glory and power and honor, above every name in the universe. Verses 9-11.

4. 'Wherefore.'—As Christ's example is before them, and as they have already learned obedience, let them 'work out their own salvation,' for they have the help of God working in them. One cannot save himself, it is only with the aid of God through Christ. Faith in Christ is essential to salvation, but the believer must also have in him the mind of Christ. Verses 12, 13.

PAUL'S COUNSEL TO THE THESSALONIANS.

The lesson for January 25 follows the one describing Paul's work at Thessalonica and Berea, and is taken from his first epistle to the Thessalonians, v., 14-28.

1. The Church and Weak Christians.—Some must be warned, comforted, supported, and kept from rendering evil for evil, 1 Thessalonians v., 14, 15.

2. Personal Duties.—These Christians must look after their own conduct as well as correct the errors of others. They must preserve a spirit of joy, prayer, thanksgiving. They must not quench the Spirit, by indifference, worldliness or rebelliousness. They must seek the good and cling to it, while avoiding all appearances of evil. Verses 16-22.

3. Prayers for Each Other.—Paul realizes the need of God's help in living the Christian life, and says that he prays for these Thessalonians, that they may be preserved blameless unto the coming of Christ. He reminds them that God is faithful. He asks them to pray for him. Verses 23-25.

4. Final Charge and Benediction.—Paul sends his greeting to his brethren at Thessalonica and charges that his letter be read to all. He closes by praying that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be upon them. Verses 26-28.

CHRISTIAN SELF-CONTROL.

The lesson for February 15 is upon the question of eating meats offered to idols. 1 Corinthians viii., 1-13.

1. Knowledge Alone is Vain.—It is not sufficient that a man act according to his knowledge of right and wrong alone. Knowledge without love is not sufficient. 1 Corinthians viii., 1-3.

2. An Idol is Nothing.—The knowledge referred to is explained. They knew that there were not many gods, but only one, the Creator, the Father. Verses 4-6.

3. Some have not this Knowledge.—There are some who have not grasped this fully. The old idea of an idol still influences them though they have become Christians. Their conscience therefore is not clear; though stronger Christians are neither better nor worse for eating such meat. Verses 7, 8.

4. Self-Restraint for the Sake of the Weak.—Though to the strong, intelligent Christian, meat offered to idols may be eaten freely, he must not indulge in it if it will trouble and tempt his weaker brethren. By so doing the weaker brother's soul is endangered, and the stronger is guilty of sins as well. Verses 9-12.

5. Paul's Resolution.—If then any person of less knowledge should be tempted to offend by seeing Paul eat such meat, he will not partake of it 'while the world standeth.' Verse 13.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

This lesson is also taken from Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians xiii., 1-13. It is one of the most often quoted passages in the Bible. Let us see whether this short chapter can be divided into several parts.

1. Great Need of Love.—Though one may have great gifts he is nothing without love. He may make great gifts and sacrifices, but they avail nothing without love. 1 Corinthians xiii., 1-3.

2. Nature of Love.—Love is long-suffering, does not envy, is not vain. It is not selfish, nor evil thinking. It rejoices in truth and is full of hope and endurance. Verses 4-7.

3. Love is Unfailing.—Other gifts shall vanish. It is right that they should, for they are only partial, and shall some day be replaced by what is perfect; clear knowledge shall sometime be ours. Love, however, shall never fail. Verses 8-12.

4. Love the Greatest Thing.—Of the three prominent Christian graces, the greatest is love. Verse 13.

PAUL'S MESSAGE TO THE EPHESIANS.

The epistle to the Ephesians is one of the most instructive books of the Bible. In it Paul deals with the great mystery, the church. Monod says this epistle 'embraces, in its brevity, the whole field of the Christian religion.'

1. The Past Condition of the Ephesians.—They were formerly dead spiritually. Ephesians ii., 1-3.

2. But God quickened them on account of his great love. Verses 4-7.

3. They are not saved by themselves, but through their faith, by God's grace. It is the gift of God. Verses 8-10.

SOME QUESTIONS.

1. Who were Paul's chief companions in the lessons of the quarter?

2. What man and his wife were helpful to him?

3. What trade did Paul follow during a part of the time?

4. What period of time has been covered by these lessons?

5. In how many cities have we seen Paul laboring?

6. In what city did God promise him safety?

7. What city of Europe first heard the Gospel?

8. Who was the first convert in Europe?

9. What was the chief event of Paul's visit to Athens?

10. What able man appeared in Ephesus while Paul was absent?

11. Where did this man go from Ephesus?

12. Who, in all probability, wrote the book of Acts?

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 29.—Topic—A mission study of Africa. Ps. lxviii., 29-31; Isa. xliii., 3.

Junior C. E. Topic

ABOUT EATING AND DRINKING.

Monday, Mar. 23.—Things set before us. Luke x., 8.

Tuseday, Mar. 24.—Eating with gladness. Acts ii., 46.

Wednesday, Mar. 25.—Working and eating. 2 Thess. iii., 10.

Thursday, Mar. 26.—Eating disobediently. Gen. iii., 6.

Friday, Mar. 27.—Hidden manna. Rev. ii., 17.

Saturday, Mar. 28.—The tree of life. Rev. ii., 7.

Sunday, Mar. 29.—Topic—Bible teaching about eating and drinking. Prov. xxiii., 20, 21; 1 Cor. x., 31.

Business Men and Cigarettes

(Ida B. Cole, in 'C.E. World.')

One of the Chicago newspapers, in commenting on the action of a certain packing-house in prohibiting profanity among its employees, says: 'It is one of the better signs of the times that in these days the men at the head of affairs are presumed to be, if not Christians, at any rate gentlemen.'

The action of these great business houses cannot fail to exert marked influence for good. The boy regards the successful business man as one having authority. His work is looked upon in a different light from that of his pastor or even his parents.

The action of various business firms in regard to the cigarette is hailed with delight as a step in the right direction. In many cities the boy looking for a 'job' is met with the question, 'Do you smoke cigarettes?' In Detroit, Mich., at the request of the Twentieth Century Woman's Club, sixty-nine out of seventy-one merchants agreed not to employ the cigarette-smoker. In Chicago, anti-cigarette leagues have been organized among the boys in a number of the large down-town stores, and meet regularly. Montgomery Ward and Company, Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett, and Company, Swift, the great meat-packer, and others have issued orders prohibiting cigarette-smoking among employees under eighteen years of age; one notice reads, 'under twenty-one years.'

The former rule of the Chicago post-office prohibited smoking among boys while on duty; but the authorities became convinced that smoking had a demoralizing effect on the boys, and they decided to make closer restrictions; so, when the call was issued for the competitive examination for messenger service, the seven hundred applicants were informed that 'only the best-equipped boys mentally and physically are wanted in this service, and under no circumstances will a boy who smokes cigarettes be employed.' Post-offices in other cities have taken similar action.

Several of the great railways have shown their estimate of the cigarette slave by boycotting him effectually. The Rock Island and Pacific road was the first to issue a prohibitive order, and the general manager said: 'In my judgment, it is impossible for cigarette-smokers to make good railway men. As a rule, cigarette-smokers are dull and half asleep most of the time. These are not the kind of men the Rock Island wants to operate its trains and its great system, which is daily responsible for the lives of thousands of people. Do you think the travelling public would feel safe on the Rock Island road if, for example, it was known that the train-despatchers were cigarette fiends, or that the drivers of our big passenger-engines were devoted to smoking the filthy things, or that the switch-tenders or tower-men worked with cigarettes between their teeth? The immediate dangers from the blunders of a cigarette fiend might not be as imminent as those from a drunken employee, but the danger is too great for the Rock Island road to assume.'

The Union Pacific and the Georgia Central roads fell into line with similar rules. Director Harriman, of the Union Pacific road, said their company might 'just as well go to the county lunatic asylum for its employees as to retain cigarette-smokers in its employ.'

The superintendent of the Lindell street railway in St. Louis, Mo., says: 'Under no circumstances will I hire a man that smokes ciragettes. He is as dangerous on the front end of a motor as the man who drinks; in fact, he is more dangerous. His nerves are bound to give way at the critical moment. If I find a car beginning to run badly and getting irregular for any time, I immediately begin to investigate the man to find out if he smokes cigarettes. Nine times out of ten he does, and then he goes for good.'

The counsel for the oldest fidelity surety company in the country recently told the writer that his company is convinced that the effects of cigarettes are deleterious, not only physically, but morally, and they will not bond the cigarette-smoker; as many employees of banks, railway companies, and large corporations are obliged to take out in these companies what is really an insurance on their honesty, this decision has peculiar weight.

So prominent a business man as John Wanamaker declares, 'The cigarette is the starting-point of the downfall of thousands who fall into its clutches and eventually drift away from all sense of morality.'

The boy starting out in life may have his own opinion as to cigarettes, but he confronts a condition. The boy may consider his smoking habit harmless, and argue that 'men do,' but the business world has no sympathy with such views. William Allen White expresses the situation in these words: 'In these days of active competition it is the best brain that wins, and the man who knocks out his brains with tobacco is knocked out of the contest for supremacy in any field of activity. When a young man applies for a job, he is practically renting his brains, and no employer cares to hire a damaged set when he can get a clean set just as well.'

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE HONOR ROLL.

Up to Monday Night, March. 2.

E. J. GOLWELL, Robertson Point, N.B.
*J. Charlton, Ilderton, Ont.
Jessie Lister, Rugby, Ont.
Richard Anderson, Rugby, Ont.
Mrs. D. Campbell, Dominionville, Ont.

Total Signatures to date 58,763.

Those with this mark* after their names have sent in at least forty signatures to the pledge. Each additional list of twenty names entitles the sender to an additional *

Correspondence

Ruby P., Cape Wolfe, P.E.I., has a large cat named Sunshine.

George C., Pincher Creek, Alta., has never been on a train.

Donald H., Montreal, Canada, enjoys reading the 'Messenger,' and does not see why so many boys do not write to it. He has a rabbit that will stand on its hind legs while it feeds from his hand.

Nellie P., Myrtle, Man., says there are no saloons in her town. (Who else can say that?)

C. E. C., Springfield, has a dog named Wolf.

Thanks to the one who sent the bouquet of pressed flowers.—Correspondence Editor.

Clayton M., asks if the 'Messenger' really means what it says when it asserts that any of its subscribers may have 'World Wide' for seventy-five cents a year if the coupon is sent; we are pleased to say it does mean that.

Hattie F. S. calls her cat Sinty. Hattie is very fond of study. She belongs to the White Ribbon Army.

N., Ellisboro, N.W.T., has a horse called Dandy. N. is ten years old, and in the fourth book.

Trueman S., Memel, N.B., yokes his calves and takes them to the woods.

Lulu W., Forrest City, Me., lives on the boundary line; on one side of her home there is an American store, on the other two Canadian ones.

Stella H., Streetsville, Ont., writes very neatly.

Sandford, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Please allow me, through the 'Northern Messenger,' to express my thanks for the beautiful fountain pen I received as a premium for a list of ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger.' We have subscribed for the paper for several years, and like it very much. My mother sometimes tells us of the stories that were in the 'Northern Messenger' when she was a little girl. Perhaps a few words about the village where I live would be interesting, as I have never seen a letter from here. Sandford is a pretty village on the Bay of Fundy, about six miles from Yarmouth Town. There are two churches, three stores and a public hall here. The 'Court Coronation' of the Canadian Order of Foresters meets twice a month, and 'Hope-well' Lodge meets every week. Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, delivered an eloquent address in the interests of the Liberal Party before the election, December 3. Mails are delivered at the post-office four times a week. The Cream Pot gold mine is near here, and small quantities of quartz have been taken out in the past, but owing to want of capital, the mine is now closed. We have a good school-house with two rooms, but only one teacher. Mr. Nelson Churchill is his name. After a storm, we can see the breakers on Trinity Ledge, about seven miles off the coast. Numbers of vessels have been wrecked there. About fifty-

five years ago a schooner named 'Trinity' was wrecked there, so the ledge of rocks was named Trinity Ledge. We have a Government wharf, about three hundred and eighty feet long, that affords excellent harbor for boats. The chief pursuit is fishing. Large quantities of herrings, lobsters and boneless cods are shipped to the United States. Mackerel traps are set off the coast during the months of April, May and June, but owing to severe gales and scarcity of fish, the last two years have proved failures. It is very pleasant here in summer, boating, bathing and fishing. I was fourteen years old the tenth of last November.

NETTIE S. (age 14).

(An intelligent letter.—Ed.)

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for some time, and like it very much. I live in St. John City, which is on the St. John River. The scenery is beautiful. Last summer I went up the river for a holiday, and had a most enjoyable time. As it was July, the weather was beautiful, and we had a great many picnics and rambles. Later in the season I visited Fredericton, our capital. I think my visit to the cathedral was one of the most pleasant outings. In it Bishop Meddely, its founder, is buried. His statue in marble is also there. I did not stay long enough to visit the adjoining city, Marysville, but my cousin did, and from what she says, I think it must be very nice.

I am the oldest living of a family of six. I have one brother and two sisters living, and one brother and a sister dead. After Violet died we were without a baby for four years, so when Jennie arrived it was no wonder she was so welcome and so dearly loved. I belong to the 'Acorn' Mission Band of St. John's Presbyterian church, and I am now busy preparing my present for the box we are going to send to a mission field on December 1. Each girl is supposed to give a doll or a picture-book. I am eleven years old, and am in grade VII. of the public school.

ANNIE M. S.

(You write a very neat letter.—Ed.)

Bedminster, Pa.

Dear Editor,—My mother used to get the 'Messenger' when she was a girl, but then she did not get it any more after she was married till I could read it, and I would not like to be without it any more. It has such good reading. I go to the Mennonite church and Sunday-school. Our pastor, the Rev. Allen M. Fretz, is my uncle. We have nearly a mile to go to Sunday-school, and about one-eighth along the road to day-school. I like to go to school. I have nine branches. Our teacher's name is Miss Edith Meyers, and we like her very much. I have two sisters and three brothers and one little sister in heaven. I have read some books, such as 'Elsie's Widowhood,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room,' and also some of Alice Cary's books, which I liked very much. I do not have many books of my own, but I like to read very much. I am in the fifth reader, and in most of the highest branches. We have not had much snow this winter yet. My birthday is on the twenty-sixth of January.

MARY W. (age 14).

Osborne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday-school now for over five years, and think it is a fine paper for both children and grown-up folks. We had revival meetings at our church for two weeks. The services were conducted by the Rev. James Coutts, Jr. There were about fourteen converted. I live nine miles from Lake Huron, and about seven from River St. Clair. We have our Sunday-school picnic sometimes at Lake Huron and at other times at Stag Island. Our part of the country has been settled for a great many years. The forests are nearly all cleared, so wood is not very plentiful, but we live near Petrolea, among the oil-wells. A great many people burn gas, but we burn coal, as there is not much oil on our farm. We gather wild flowers on the little bit of forest that is left. My father is a butcher, and one of my uncles is a minister. I have been to Toronto to see some of my relatives. I thought it was a fine trip. I was never so far away from home before. I could not stay as long as if I was used to being away.

RHEA M. M.

NEW ROSS, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I will try to give you a description of the place I live in. New Ross embraces a large tract of land, situated about twenty miles inland in Lunenburg county, between the South Shore and the Cornwallis valley. History tells us that on August 7, 1816, Captain Ross, with one hundred and seventy-two disbanded soldiers, arrived and cut down the first tree. There were no roads—nothing but dense forest. The government provided them with three years' rations free, and this was carried on the men's back from Chester. Many tales of hardship and privation are told of those early days. My great-grandfather was one of those old settlers. Now the population numbers about thirteen hundred, and we have good roads, bridges and buildings, and public schools. We have six stores, one public hall, steam mills and three churches (Anglican, Baptist and Roman Catholic). My great-grandmother was the first Baptist in the place.

Lumbering is the principal industry, though some of the people have quite snug farms. Unfortunately, there are not a great many temperance people here, but I mean to make a temperance man.

TERENCE M.

Youngsville, Penn.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in a pretty village of about nine hundred inhabitants, lying between the hills in the Brokenstraw Valley, named after a creek which runs through it. It has the largest furniture factory in the State, a brickyard, a safety match factory, a number of fine stores, four churches, a high school, and we expect an electric railway next summer to run from here to Jamestown, N.Y. We have two railways running through the place. About three miles from here is a summer resort called Alleghany Sulphur Springs. Many people go there to drink the water. We attend the Methodist church and Sunday-school. I belong to the Junior League, of which I am secretary. I take music lessons on a piano. I am in the sixth grade at school. I was at the head of my class the first two months of school. My birthday is June 12. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much, and have sent two subscriptions.

MILDRED S.

(Very neatly written.—Ed.)

Rex, Oregon.

Dear Editor,—Mamma subscribed for the 'Messenger' as a surprise present for my birthday, and I have taken it ever since. I do enjoy reading it so much. My birthday is March 17. My brother and I are going to the Rex school, and we can walk on the railway all the way there. The distance is about three-quarters of a mile. I haven't been absent yet this term, except to-day. Our teacher, Mrs. Morris, of Newberg, comes on the train every morning, and goes back on it at night. Sometimes the train is late. About a month ago we had a box social at our schoolhouse. All the boxes were sold, and some of the boys went without any. I made a box and took it. The proceeds of these boxes amounted to $15. Our teacher took the money and got a library of books for the school, and we have the books in the school-house now. I think them very interesting.

TENNIE N. (age 12).

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Resting.

('The Congregationalist.')

I'm sorry, now, I gave so little thought
To all the helpful lessons which my patient mother taught.
Now older grown, and she has gone, I often long to tell
Her how they all come back to me, each one remembered well,
For in the work and cares of life that come from day to day,
I find I stop to ask myself, 'What was my mother's way?'

There never seemed to be with her a drudgery of life,
She got along so quietly with all its cares and strife;
She always sang about her work, and 'mid perplexing things
The farmhouse walls re-echoed, 'Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings.'
I never hear old 'Amsterdam' but that I think how oft.
It bore my mother's soul from earth to unseen things aloft.

When sitting in her rocking-chair her lap with mending piled,
She used to say: 'I want to rest; now read a psalm, my child.'
I learned by heart about 'the hills,' and 'lifting up my eyes,'
Those pastures green and 'waters still' the Shepherd's love supplies,
And all about 'abiding 'neath the shadow of His wing,'
For God our refuge is our strength, I read in everything.

Sometimes I hurried through the psalm, taking but little heed,
And then her thanks, so kindly said, encouraged me to read
Some of the words that Jesus spoke, for that was mother's way,
To read from Psalms and Gospels both upon the busiest day;
For at such times she needed a much longer rest, and so,
While but a child, I learned the favored passages to know.

These precious words of quiet come to my own soul, now I,
A busy woman, full of work, my daily duties ply.
I sing her hymns when fretted with ceaseless rounds of care,
I repeat the Psalms and Gospels when in my sewing chair.
I wonder if she knows it, and how glad I am each day,
That my mother's way of resting was such a helpful way.

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Useful Hints.

An uncomfortably tight shoe may be made easy by laying a cloth wet in hot water across where it pinches, changing several times. The leather will shape itself to the foot.

Never serve potatoes, boiled or baked whole, in a closely covered dish. They become sodden and clammy. Cover with a folded napkin that allows the steam to escape, or absorbs the moisture.

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TO PUSH A DOLLAR PROPOSITION ON A

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IT APPEALS STRONGLY TO THE BEST PEOPLE IN EVERY LOCALITY.

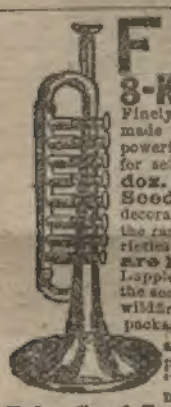
No experience necessary. No deposit required School teachers succeed well. Must furnish minister's recommendation.

Address AGENT MANAGER,
P. O. Box 2234, Montreal.

Write for Announcement of the **Northern Business College**, Owen Sound, Ontario, the leading College in the Dominion. C.A. Fleming, Principal

BABY'S OWN SOAP

FREE 3-KEY CORNET



Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful, clear, sweet tone, given for selling at 10c. each only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds**. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors, and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys. Roy Lappley, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A. Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., says: "I was surprised to get such a grand Premium for so little work." Address, **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 446, Toronto, Ontario**

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets**, set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring**, given for selling only **10** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **The PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 454, TORONTO.**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

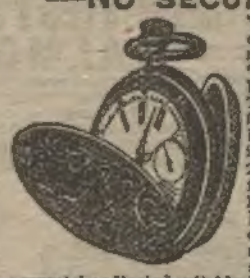
GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring**, also a **Gold** or **Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet**. Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speaker, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.**, Dept **451** Toronto.

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only **15** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—



We send you **15** large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large Illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept **468** Toronto.

TELEPHONE 15c.

A perfect Telephone, made of metal with strong sensitive transmitters, two tubes, a talking and hearing tube, and an ample supply of sensitized cord. With this instrument the lowest whispers can be heard distinctly at long distances. Put up a line between different rooms of your house, out to the barn or across the way to your neighbors. Be up-to-date. Price, postpaid, only **25c.** or 2 sets for 25c. The Novelty Co., Dept. 401, Toronto

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **10** Glass Pens. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. S. Wilton, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received my Accordeon and am quite delighted with it. My friends were all surprised to see what a handsome Premium I got for so little trouble." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., Dept. 419 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE KNIFE

Beautiful **Pearl-handled four-bladed Knife** of best quality highly tempered steel, burnished bolsters and brass lining, given for selling only **6** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Lapply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. They went like wild fire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 417, Toronto.**

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

For selling only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys them!** Often several packages are sold in one house. Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The Seeds sold like wildfire." P. J. A. Lowes, Moose Jaw, Assa, said: "I sold all the seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable imported works. Leo C. Garlo, Metcombe, Ont., said: "My Watch is a dandy and takes the shine wherever it is. I thank you many times for the work, was not enough for such a valuable prize." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 498, TORONTO, ONTARIO**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 5 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at 15c. each only **10 Canadian Home Cook Books**. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each book we give a 50c. certificate free. H. Fitch, Niagara Falls South, Ont., says: "The Cook Books sold well. Everyone thinks they are very fine for the money." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. H. Proctor, Vancouver, B.C., says: "I received my Autoharp and am more than pleased with it." Write us to-day. **Home Specialty Co.** Dept. 456, Toronto

ENAMELLED WATCHES FREE

Beautiful designs in bright, natural colors of Deer, Horses, Dogs, etc., for selling only 1½ doz large, beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Everybody buys. Roy Lappy, Rosewood, Man., says: "I sold all the Seeds in 15 minutes." Every Watch guaranteed for 1 year. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. **Prize Seed Co.**, Dept. 472 Toronto.

SLEEPING DRESSED DOLL FREE

Girls, you can get this lovely doll for selling only 15 large, beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. You can sell the Seeds in a few minutes. Annie Dufton, St. Marys, Ont., says: "I had only to show the packages to sell them." Dolly is as pretty as a picture. She shuts her eyes and goes to sleep or wakes up and opens them just like a real live baby. She has golden curls, pearly teeth, stylish hat, fashionable silk or satin dress trimmed with lace, dainty little slippers with silver buckles, real stockings and laced trimmed underwear. She has movable joints and can open and shut her eyes. Pearl Millikin, Renton P.O., Ont., says: "The Doll you sent me is a beauty and just the same as your description of her." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co. Dept. 434 Toronto.**

$50.00 GOLD WATCH FREE

Solid 14K Gold finished case, deep cut, elegantly engraved back and bezel and fancy knurled centre. Open face, stem wind and set, fitted with a **fully guaranteed** movement, genuine American make, **Ruby jeweled**, lever escapement, and black and silver plates to protect the works. **A perfect timekeeper** and **a very elegant Watch**, given absolutely free for selling only **3 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys. Frank Prior, Bracebridge, Ont., said: "By the time I had visited 14 places my Seeds were all sold." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 496, TORONTO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With **15** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold return $1.50 and we will immediately send you this **elegant Fur Scarf**, 3 ft. 6 in. long, 6 in. wide, made of selected full furred skins, with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish fur, fully equal in appearance to the most expensive Fur Scarf, and just as warm and comfortable. Ethel Austen, St. Catharines, Ont., said: "I cannot express my thanks for the Ruff. It is just beautiful." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. A. Logan, St. Johns, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." Address: **The DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 497, Toronto, Ont.**

LADIES' ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

For selling at **10c.** each only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, decorated in 12 colors and containing 42 of the most fragrant and large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie Speers, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I took the Seeds to school with me and sold them all in 10 minutes." This **dainty** and **reliable watch** has **gold hands, fancy dial,** stem wind and set, **jeweled movement,** and is **beautifully enamelled** with **roses** and **leaves** in natural colors. Delia Shaw, Wiarton, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my watch. It is certainly very dainty. I did not expect anything half so pretty." Write us a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **1 doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern and Engine.** **THE PEN CO., Dept. 439, TORONTO, Ont.**

14K. GOLD WATCH FREE

What is the use of spending $25.00 or $50.00 for a Watch when you can get one for nothing that looks like a Solid Gold Watch and keeps time equal to any $50.00 Watch. Here is your chance. We will give this handsome reliable Watch to any person who will sell for us only **16 Canadian Home Cook Books** at 15c. each. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. This is not a cheap pocket clock, but a handsome Watch, finished in 14k. gold, elegantly engraved, beautifully ornamented, stem wind and set, fitted with reliable American works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory, and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $50.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better, or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., says: "I sold the Watch for $6.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. They sell themselves **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 474, Toronto, Ont.**

KICK! KICK!! GET INTO THE GAME!

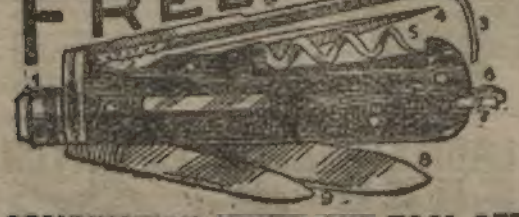
FREE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

full regulation size, made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality rel rubber bladder, given for selling at 10c. each only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: "I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $1.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played." Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT.** 441

FREE VIOLIN

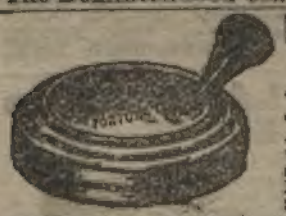
Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin full size, Stradivarius Model, made of selected wood with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings **given** for selling only **10 Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c.** each. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. They are the easiest sellers ever handled. **Every lady buys one.** Winnie Foote, Vancouver, B.C., said: "Everyone was pleased with the Cook Books and thought them the neatest and cheapest Cook Book they had ever seen." A 50c. certificate free with each book. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. William Yorke, Two Islands, N.S., said: "My violin is a beauty. I was offered $5.00 for it the day I received it." The complete outfit shown in the picture including Violin, Bow, extra set of strings, Resin, complete Self-Instructor and black Japanned brass-trimmed, full-flannel lined Carrying Case, given for selling 2 doz. Cook Books. Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT 489, TORONTO.**

FREE.



COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling only **9** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties of every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5 Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong, well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my Knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address, **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 458 Toronto.**



FORTUNE TELLER FREE

A marvellous invention. It will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it. If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller, and everything will be made clear. You can talk to it as though it were a living being, and it will answer without an instant's delay. We give this wonderful machine for selling at **15c.** each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Don't delay. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 459, Toronto.

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 12c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 61 Toronto.

THE LOVLIEST SILK REMNANTS YOU EVER SAW ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

Enough heavy, rich, elegant Silk Squares to make **2 large sofa cushions for only 15c. No piece smaller than 5½ x 7 inches,** and most of them about 6½ x 10½. **How can we do it?** Why, because we picked up a great bargain at a European Silk Mill. They had $200.00 worth of extra fine samples of their very best silks, cut in large squares for their travellers to take orders with from wholesale houses, and offered us the lot as a price which enabled us to give you this great bargain. We closed the deal and now we are giving our lady friends the benefit. Think of a package of these beautiful large pieces, **all of the newest patterns, stripes, checks, flowers, rich heavy quality,** enough to make 2 large cushions, or drapes, tidies, and a hundred other lovely things to beautify your home, for only 15c. In making this kind of fancy work a great point is in having a variety of patterns, is it not? Well, **in the whole $200.00 worth there are no 2 pieces alike,** and more than that, **with each package we send free a booklet showing over 100 fancy stitches** for ornamenting the seams which will add a hundred fold to the beauty of your work. **Don't miss this chance.** We shall never be able to buy pieces like these again, and so will not be able to offer them to you. **Read what ladies say who have bought our Silk Squares.** Corval, P.O., Ont.; "I was very much pleased with the silk Remnants. There were more pieces and of better quality than I expected."—Mrs. T. Ibbitson. Salem P.O., Ont., "I think your Silk Remnants are just lovely. Please send me some more."—Miss Aggie Smeltie. Milestown, P.O., Ont., "I enclose 25c. for 2 more packages of Silk Remnants. I was very much pleased with both the quality and quantity, as you may judge by my repeating my order."—Mrs. W. E. Saxby. Pembroke, Ont., "I am very much satisfied and delighted with the Silk Pieces received. I have found them very useful and beautiful."—Mrs. J. Henteau. Centralia, Ont., "I am sending for 2 more packages of Silk Pieces I think they are very nice, and the cheapest bargain I ever got."—Mrs. Wm. Huxtable. We have hundreds more like these. Price, 1 package 15c., 3 for 25c. Don't send stamps. **JOHNSTON & CO., SILK DEPT. N, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

$4.00 TRAINS ON TRACKS FREE

Locomotive, tender, 4 cars and track made of metal rails. The locomotive is complete in all its parts, is beautifully ornamented and the tender and cars are finished in bright, attractive colors and can be coupled together just like a real train. We have only a few dozen samples of these special Trains, ranging in price from $2.00 to $4.00 cash. The more expensive ones have **Bridges, Tunnels, Switches, 4 Cars,** extra fine trucks and are elaborately finished throughout. We are anxious to clear out this small stock at once and will give one of these expensive trains absolutely free if you will sell only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds for us at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Nothing sells like them.** P. J. Lowes, Moosejaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the postoffice." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. The most expensive train will of course be given to the person ordering first and so on as long as the samples last. Order at once and the $4.00 Train may be yours. The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. **431** Toronto.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON LARGE POWERFUL TELESCOPE GIVEN AWAY

F. L. Hollingshead, Streetsville, Ont., Feb. 25, 1903, says: "When I received my Telescope I could hardly keep my feet, I was so enraptured and delighted with it. The boys all crowd around and want to see through it. Once when I was directing the Telescope towards a barn some distance away, the instrument was pointed too low, and brought a cat on a tree into sight. The cat looked to be about the size of a lion, and the tree several feet thick. The sun happened to be shining on the cats eyes and cast quite a glare upon them, which unnerved me very much until the cat mewed and I knew what it was." **Boys, you can get one too, Free** for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully ornamented in 12 colors with a design of leaves, buds and flowers, and each contain 42 of the choicest, large flowering and exquisitely fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **We give a 50c. certicate free with each package. Our Sweet Peas sell like hot cakes.** E. Calder, Peterboro, Ont., Feb. 16, 1903, says: "I sold the Seeds in 20 minutes and found everyone anxious to buy. They were all delighted with the large packages." You can do as well. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seed postpaid. **Prize Seed Co.,** Box **473** Toronto.

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 200 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 434 Toronto**

Elegant FUR SCARF FREE

Send us your name and address on a **Post Card** and we will send you **10 Canadian Home Cook Books** to sell for us at **15c.** each. **Every lady buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each book. Laura Barry, Blackville, N.B., said: "Your Cook Books went like hot cakes. Everyone was pleased with them." This elegant Fur Scarf, which we give for selling only **10** Cook Books is 3 ft. 6 in. long, 6 in. wide, made of selected full furred skins, with 6 fine full black tails. Annie Veld, Aaker, Alta, says: "I am delighted with my Ruff. All my friends think it is a beauty." Write to day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 478, Toronto, Ont**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both the Lantern and Engine. The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 459 TORONTO, ONT.**

ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a horse is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only **1½ doz.** large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys them. Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the packages postpaid. Charles Wickham, Ridgetown, Ont., said: "I received my watch and it is far ahead of my expectations. It is a splendid time and I am perfectly delighted with it." Address **Prize Seed Co., Dept 442 Toronto.**

REAL SOLID GOLD RING FREE

Beautiful fancy design, elegantly engraved and set with two very large fiery, flashing, rich, red Rubies and two beautiful snow white Pearls. A very handsome Ring, given for selling only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mabel McKinnon, Oberon, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in 30 minutes." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. Maud Martin, Westmoreland, N.B., says: "I received my ring and am highly pleased with it. I had no idea it would be such a beauty." Write to-day. The Dominion Seed Co., Dept **435** Toronto.

Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 462, Toronto.

Boys don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers *every* purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at **10c.** each only **1½ doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankosid, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Houn, Chantlers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

GIRLS! EVERYTHING YOU SEE IN THIS PICTURE . . FREE

I. A Lovely Big Doll, as pretty as a picture, stylishly dressed from top to toe in the richest material, with hat to match underclothing, shoes, stockings, etc., that you can take off and put on as often as you like. II. A complete set of Doll's Furniture, bureau, washstand, bed, lounge, table, chairs and stove. III. Laundry Outfit—tub, washboard, iron and stand. IV. Table Service—cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon, lemonade jug, glass and tray. V. A Baby Doll in a cradle; also a frying pan. Enough furniture and things to start Dolly up in housekeeping. Girls, we give everything shown in this picture absolutely free. A big dressed Doll, 8 pieces of furniture, and 15 other articles, all for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** Everybody buys. Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them." This is the grandest dressed Doll and the most complete outfit ever offered. Girls! you must not miss this chance. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate *free* with each package. **The Prize Seed Co. Dept. 492 Toronto.**

WALKING DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to get this big handsome Walking Doll for a few minutes' work after school? If so, write us a **Post Card** at once and we will mail you 15 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at **10c.** each. Nothing sells like them. **Everybody Buys.** Mabel McKinnon, Oberon, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. When sold send us $1.50, and we will forward to your address, carefully packed, this lovely **Walking** Doll. Dolly is a perfect beauty, beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She delights and pleases every little girl. Girls, order the seeds at once, sell them to your friends, and receive this big **Walking** Doll for your trouble. Pearl Millikan, Reston, Man., said: "I got my lovely Doll all right. She is a real beauty, just exactly as you described her." **Prize Seed Co. Dept. 426 Toronto.**

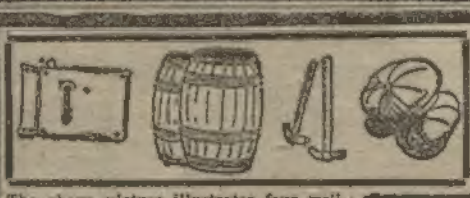
$3.00 LOCOMOTIVE FREE.

Real Steam Locomotives, regular flyers, with polished brass boilers, iron steam chests, and steel pistons attaching to both driving wheels, alcohol reservoirs with double burners and shrill whistles. Each Locomotive comes complete with reservoir, tin, alcohol burner, funnel, etc., and complete directions, and is given for selling only **one dozen large beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Whitevills Ont., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. We have only a few samples of these Locomotives that were sent to us from the large factories in Germany, but as they are too expensive for us to handle (some of them being worth $3.00 each) we wish to get rid of them as soon as soon possible. Of course, the best Locomotive will be given to the person ordering first, and soon until the samples are all used. Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 430, TORONTO, ONT.**

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at **15c.** each only **8 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 30,000 sold already. With every Cook Book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. JESSIE BAXTER, SHERBROOKE, QUE., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once. LIZZIE SPROUTE, NEWDALE, MAN., says: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had." Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 449, Toronto.**

BOYS, ATTENTION!



The above picture illustrates four well-known parts of a gun. To every boy who is able to name the different parts, and who sends us the answer, will be given, absolutely Free, a fine All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger-guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Just what every boy needs. Always ready for Rats, Sparrows, Squirrels, etc. It does not cost you one cent to answer this advertisement. Don't delay a moment, but study the picture carefully, and if you are clever and smart enough to make out the names of the different parts, write us at once. There is only one other condition necessary to be complied with before you become entitled to one of these handsome Rifles, of which we shall write you as soon as your answer is received. This condition is very simple, in fact it is merely a slight favor which we would like you to do for us. It will not cost you one cent, and will not take up more than a few minutes of your spare time. Write at once. **THE ENTERPRISE CO., Rifle Dept. 499, Toronto.**

AIR RIFLE

TALKING DOLL FREE

Girls! Would you like to own the most wonderful doll ever invented, a doll as sweet and pretty as a picture, that can talk and cry as naturally as any living baby? If you would like to own this lifelike wonder you can get her without spending one cent. We will present you with one absolutely free if you will sell for us at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Mabel McKinnon, Oberon, Man., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. I never saw goods sell so fast." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Dolly has golden curls, blue eyes, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, in fact, she is a perfect beauty, and talks, says "Papa" and "Mamma" as plainly as you can. She is the crowning wonder of the doll maker's art. With each we send a quantity of heavy, beautiful silk, pretty ribbon and fine lace sufficient to make the hat and dress shown in the picture. Girls, you can get all this free. Send us a **post card** to-day and we will send the seeds postpaid. Minnie Carden, Saltcoats, Assa., said: "My Doll is a perfect beauty. There is no other one like it in the place." Dominion Seed Co., Toronto. 412

14k GOLD WATCH Free

For selling at **10c.** each only **2** doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** P. J. O Lowes, Moose Jaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." This beautiful Watch is heavily plated with 14k Gold, elaborately engraved and handsomely ornamented. It has open face, dust proof case, is stem wind and set and has genuine American made works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $20.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., said: "I sold the Watch for $6.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. The Dominion Seed Co, Dept. 435 Toronto.

FREE Beautiful Gold Finished **Opal Ring** and **Gold** or **Silver** composition full size Curb Chain **Bracelet given free** for selling at **15c.** each only **7 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Book. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $4.05, and we will forward **both the Opal Ring and Bracelet.** Don't miss this chance but write at once. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 451, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California redwood handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 5 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at **10c** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. J. Thafford, Indian Head, N.W.T., said: "I am more than delighted with my Autoharp. It has a very sweet tone and all my friends think it just splendid." Address: The Prize Seed Co., Dept. **433** Toronto.

1000 STAMPS FREE

Grand Bonanza Collection of rare Stamps, all foreign, including stamps from Austria, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Africa, etc., etc., given absolutely free for selling only **1 doz.** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are large, beautifully decorated and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 491, Toronto

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 6 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. J. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold my Flavoring Extracts in a few minutes. I can sell it just as fast as you can handle it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Standard Flavoring Co.,** Dept. 447 Toronto.

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling at **10c.** each only **9** Glass Pens. These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5—Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English Steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address **The Pen Co., Dept. 458, Toronto.**

Boys, don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

for man or boys. Handsome silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only **1½** doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Packages postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address: **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept 464 Toronto.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept 423 Toronto

Columbia Graphophone FREE

Edison's most wonderful invention free to you. Astonishing bargain. A genuine Graphophone made by the celebrated Columbia Graphophone Co., of New York and Paris, the biggest firm of this kind in the world; also 5 records, reproducing Songs, Speeches, Animal Imitations, Instrumental Selections, etc., in a most life-like manner, given for selling only **1$** 25c. Cook Books at **15c.** each. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **They are hot sellers. Every lady buys one.** Florence Arcot, Rupert, Que., said: "I sold all the Cook Books in a short time. Everyone thought them splendid and very cheap." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each one. Mary Payne, Brinston's Corners, Ont., says: "I received my Graphophone all right and think it is a very fine Premium for so little work. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 492, Toronto.**

Genuine Columbia Phonograph

Given for selling only **3 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Wm. McKell, Pugwash, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in 15 minutes." A 50c certificate free with each package. This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five selections as follows: Speech; "Song of Sixpence;" "The Mocking Bird;" Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc., and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. M. Payne, Brinston's Corners, Ont., says: "I think my Graphophone is a splendid premium for so little work." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 415 Toronto, Ont.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

DRESSED DOLL FREE!

GIRLS, would you like to have this beautiful dressed doll? If so, send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you **one doz.** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** postpaid. Sell them at **10c.** each, return us $1.20 and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is fully and fashionably dressed, including a stylish hat, underwear trimmed with lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. She has lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and jointed body.

Eva Gilley, New Westminster, B.C., said: "I received your pretty Doll and am very much pleased with it. It is a perfect beauty and far exceeded my expectations."

Lizzie Sproute, Newdale, Man., said: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had."

Gertie McDonald, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, said: "Thanks very much for my beautiful Doll. I am more than pleased with it."

GIRLS, just stop and think what a truly wonderful bargain we are offering you. **You can get this lovely big Doll completely dressed for selling only ONE DOZEN packages of Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.**

Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them."

Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seed sold. They went like wildfire."

A 50c. certificate free with each package. Girls, write us at once and this beautiful Dolly will be your very own in a short time.

Prize Seed Co., Dept. 470, Toronto

BOYS, LOOK! FREE RIFLE

SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. **414,** Toronto.

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. **426,** Toronto.

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets reeds, mahogany-finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **1** doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell easily everywhere.** Gertrude M. Reid, Seaforth, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went very fast." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Daniel R. McLean, Pictou Island, N.S., said: "I received my Accordeon and think it is an excellent Premium. It is equal to any $5.00 instrument to be had in the market." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 433 TORONTO, ONT.**

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only **3 doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 46 Toronto

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved Real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling at **15c.** each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**

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